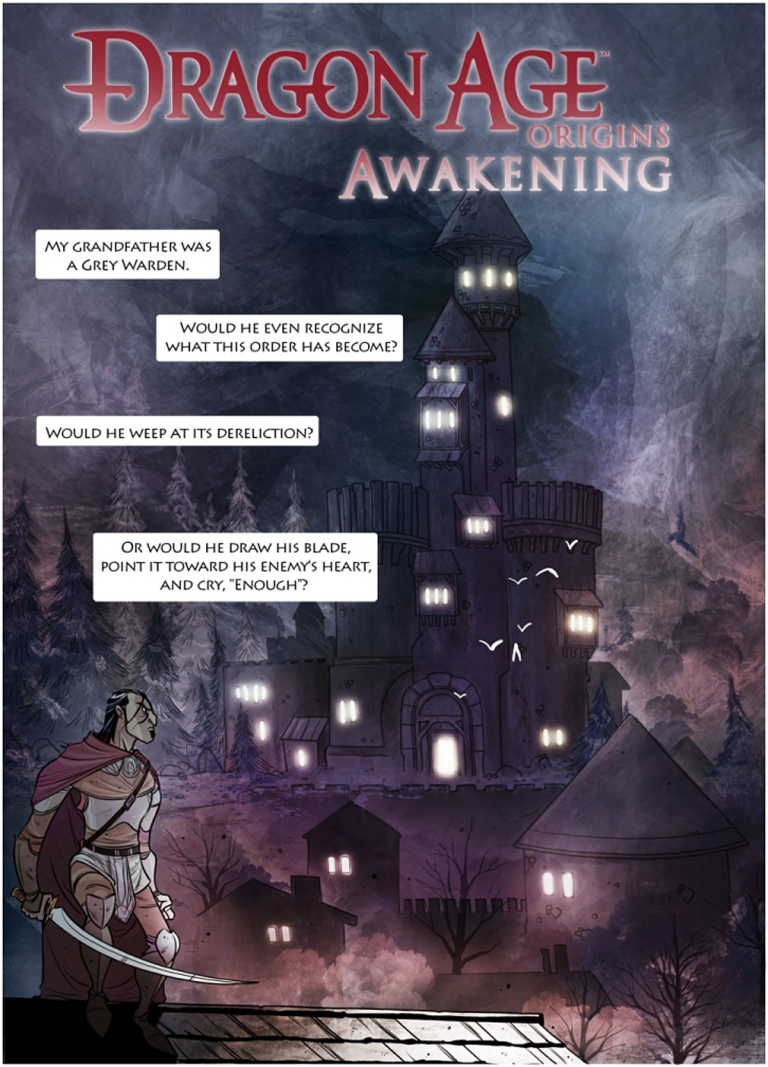
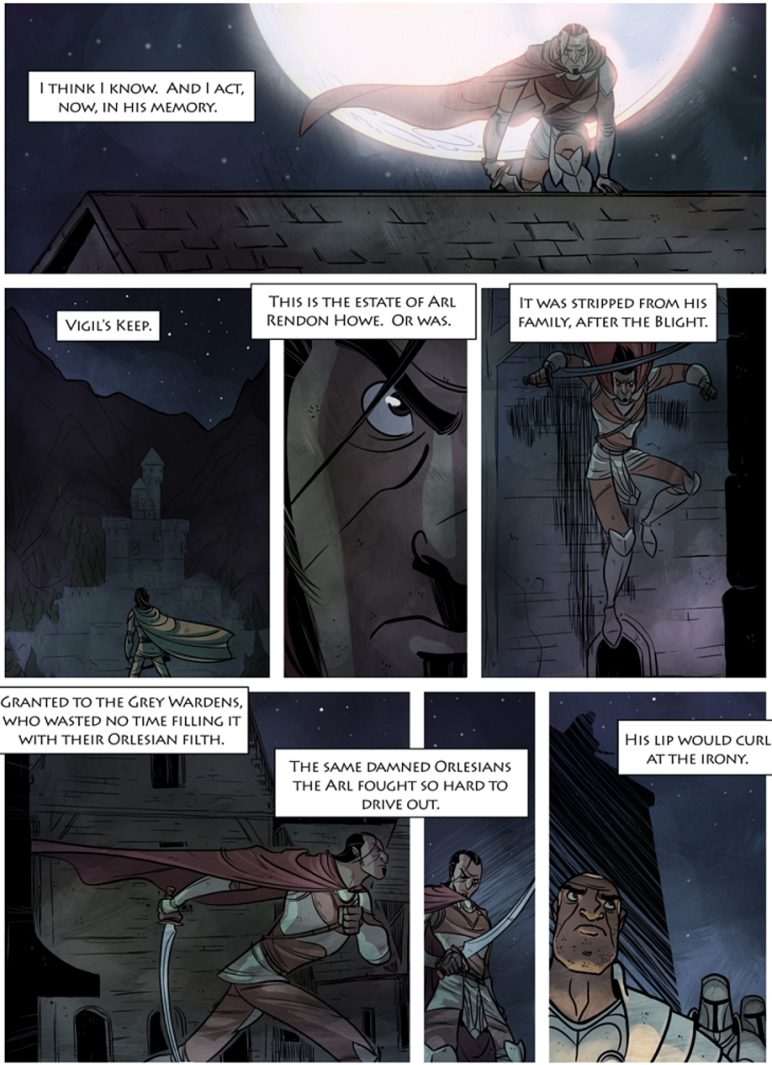

DRAGON AGE™
ORIGINS
AWAKENING
My grandfather was a Grey Warden.
Would he even recognize what this order has become?
Would he weep at its dereliction?
Or would he draw his blade, point it toward his enemy's heart, and cry, "Enough"?


I think I know. And I act, now, in his memory.
Vigil's Keep.
This is the estate of Arl Rendon Howe. Or was.
It was stripped from his family, after the Blight.
Granted to the Grey Wardens, who wasted no time filling it with their Orlesian filth.
The same damned Orlesians the Arl fought so hard to drive out.
His lip would curl at the irony.

There will always be those who falter when they see the true face of war, when they reckon its true price.
Not Rendon Howe.
What were his crimes? That he was a patriot? That his sword did *too well* the work of his nation?
KANG
CRACK
I pray each night to be half the man he was.
THOWK

The stories of his death put me ill at ease; they reek of petty maneuvering, of courtly games.
Of Orlesian treachery.
'Tis said he murdered the Couslands, and it may be so; but to what end?
Their crimes must have been grave indeed, to earn such a fate.

I AM NO SNARLING MABARI, CONTENT TO KILL FOR SPORT.
I STRIKE ONLY WHEN NECESSARY.
I STRIKE WHERE IT WILL BE FELT MOST KEEN.
THWACK
IT IS ENOUGH.
I AM THE PINPRICK WHICH CARRIES THE POISON.
THOK

I am here, father.
At long last, I am here.
ARL RENDON HOWE
NATHANIEL HOWE
And this occupation ends tonight.